

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

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COLBY, - - - - - KANSAS.

BURIED ALIVE.

A Quarter of a Mile Below the Earth's Surface.

"Thrilling Experience of Four Men in a Flooded Silver Mine—Nothing but a Bit of Machinery Between Them and Death."

A man with a big white hat, a flannel shirt and a heavy mountain suit of clothes on, sat in the reading-room of McCoy's Hotel yesterday morning. He was a restless kind of man. He wandered over to the newspaper files, roamed over to the ice-water tank, over to the cigar-stand and finally he sat down and began to smoke. Something in his appearance attracted the attention of another man who happened in and he walked up to the first individual and said: "Your name is Charley Goatch, is it?" The man rose and indicated with a nod of the head that his questioner was right.

Mr. Goatch is a man of fifty or more. He had worked in the Bonanza mines for years and was known as a faithful servant at four dollars a day for eight hours' work—three eight-hour shifts. The man who had interrupted his reverie was recognized as having been connected with the Virginia City papers, and the two sat down for a chat. Mr. Goatch said: "You know when the Bonanza began to peter, well, then I went down to work for Superintendent Boyle, at the Alta. That's away down, you know, below Gold Hill. I saw the Tribune's story about that old Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Of course it's a wonder. I never was in it, although I've lived half my life in caves; but if the man who wrote the story would come to me I could tell a story that would make his hair grayer than mine. You remember the story of the Alta mine. You were there."

"Great Scott! were you one of those four men?" was asked.

"I was. Didn't you know it? Look at my hair?"

The miner was indeed prematurely gray.

"You couldn't get me into the Mammoth or any other cave now," he said. "I wouldn't go into a mine for a million dollars unless I could see a bucket and a rope."

And then the miner told his story. In 1878 he was working in the Alta Mine, at Virginia City, Nev. The mine was an assessment proposition—that is, it was worked by contributions of stockholders, enforced, of course, by law. Not a dollar of bullion had ever come out, yet assessments had sent the shaft down 1,750 feet and put up a plant in machinery worth \$250,000. Drifts were run 100 feet to tap the ledge, and at each of those stations was a commodious chamber. "The Alta Mine was always full of water," said the miner. "She was the wettest thing I ever worked in. The big pump, that cost \$150,000, had more than she could do, without driving, to keep the water down. It was in May, 1878, that a blast down on the 1,750 unhoosed a water pocket that drove everybody to the cages. They rushed up the shaft and were all right. But nobody seemed to remember a little shift of four men at work in a south cross-cut from the 1,650-level. We were drivin' in to catch the foot wall of the ledge and to do that we ran a half way upraise. I'll just draw you a little sketch here to show what I'm coming at."

"You see the shaft is perpendicular 1,750 feet down. At the 1,650 station our cross-cut goes off on an up-



raise. You see the little chamber where we were at work. Now when the blast below at the 1,750 unhoosed the water, and the flood came, it rose so fast in the main shaft that the men who knew all about it had hard work to get away. In the excitement we were forgotten. The water rose in the shaft to the 1,650 in no time, and came into our cross-cut. The men on top sent down cages for us, but before they could get there the water was ahead of them. Just then the big pump, under all the extra strain on it, broke down, and every body said the four men left in the mine would be drowned. I was one of the four. Bill Benthon was shift boss, and Jim Allen and Phil Dougherty were the other two. We had set the diamond on two drills, in the face of the cross-cut, when Jim Allen says: 'It's kind o' close in here.' Dougherty stepped down the drift about fifty feet, and yelled: 'My God, boys! Water. The cross-cut is flooded and the water is coming up an inch a minute!' Bill Benthon jumped down the incline, and there she was—water coming up like an overflowed sewer. Bill Benthon was a man that never quailed much, but he kind of sidled up to me an' he said, 'Goatch, we're cached. Better say prayers. Somethin's wrong on top, and we're in for it.'

"It did seem just then as if something awful had happened. I didn't know what it was. I knew the water had come up to shut us off; but how much further it might come nobody could know. We all knew the cause of it. We knew the mine had been flooded or the pump had broke. The diamond was going all right, though, and we knew that the force was all right, and the connection good. The blower that gave us air was also workin'. Think of that little blower drivin' air down to us 1,650 feet straight and over 300 feet farther into the drift. Pretty soon the air that drove the diamond drills stopped. Then we got scared. Bill Benthon went down to the water's edge again and simply said: 'She's comin' up, boys. Where's the cold air pipe?' We cut off the diamond-drill connection, and, my God! what a grateful blast of air. 'Thank God!' said Bill, 'the blower is going. Come up here, boys, and get some breath.' We four sat around that air-pipe, and our noses clung to it in turn. I dare not tell you what we all talked about. Nobody expected to get out alive. Bill, the boss, once took a pick and said he'd smash the brains of two of us if the other would kill him and then kill himself. Then Bill suggested that so long as strength held out, we drill on one of the unfinished holes, load it with 'giant,' and all go up in a balloon together. This idea was accepted, and Jim Allen began to work a hand-drill. The rest of us sat there with our noses to the air-pipe. Pretty soon I heard a 'click' on the pipe. It was 'tap-tap.' I picked up a hammer and hit the pipe three times. Back came the answer—three taps. I shouted: 'Boys, they know we're here!' How we yelled and danced! We huddled around that air-pipe, and every ten seconds or so, 'click-click' came the echo of the hammer. We replied. They didn't exactly know who we were down there, and in the hope that one of us might understand telegraph signals they sent up and got an operator from the telegraph office, and he banged away with the signals, but we didn't understand it. The most joyous sound on earth for the hours we were imprisoned there was the sound of that 'click-click' over the pipe. It was simply the signal of hope. We did not know what the trouble was, but that click-click assured us that Superintendent Boyle was doing all he could. Fortunately, we had candles, and were not in darkness. We had some tobacco, but could only chew it. Air was too precious to indulge in smoke. We had nothing to eat. We did have a great tub of ice, and how we treasured it as it melted. The draft was insufferably hot, and we kept our noses to the pipe and breathed the pure air forced down. We learned afterward how excited the whole Pacific coast was at our fate. Women came and knelt at that little blower engine and prayed Heaven that it would not break. It did not. If it is possible for a man to love a piece of machinery, I love that little brown dish that sent a current of life-saving air to us over two thousand feet. That little engine is running at the Alta Mine today, and I'll git off the train at Reno any time to go over and see it.

"Well, we were caged up there sixty hours without any thing to eat. The ice went in ten hours, so we had to drink the hot water from the drift. But we kept banging away at the pipe with our signals. And all night and all day those faithful fellows on top stood and clicked, clicked away to encourage us."

"What was the cause of the delay?"

"They had to send to San Francisco for machinery to repair the big pump. They sent a special engine, had the foundry work all night, had the piece sent up by another special engine, and after nearly three days of mortal anguish and starvation—nearly three days of hopeless entombment a quarter of a mile below the earth's surface—we were rescued."

The clicks along the pipe had been well kept up, but in the last few hours they came with a rattle. Then we knew the end was near. 'Bill,' the boss, took his ear from the pipe and he said: 'Goatch, I believe she's workin', meaning the big pump. He darted down the inclined cross-cut, and there came a yell of delight that nearly froze us. 'She's workin', boys; she's workin'.' The water is goin' down. There you, Goatch, jam your ear to the pipe and see if you can't hear it!' I jammed my ear up, and sure enough I could just catch the throb, throb of the big engine. I yelled: 'All right, Bill, she's workin', and the clicks along the pipe came faster than ever. We knew we were saved! 'Down on your knees, boys!' said Bill. 'You don't deserve to live if you don't.' And we four knelt there. We didn't say much, but I tell you we meant it.

"It took three or four hours to pump out the shaft and drift. By that time we had burned up nearly our last candle, and we had had nothing to eat in all the period. But the big pump held to its work and just as soon as the 1,650 station could be reached with a cage a dozen strong arms were there to help us."

"But never again would I go into a deep silver mine. I am a brave man," said Mr. Goatch, "that is, as brave as men go, but never again will I be buried alive a quarter of a mile under the ground with nothing but a little blower engine and a four-inch pipe between me and death."—Chicago Tribune.

—The most wonderful thing about a shad is how the meat ever got in between the bones.—North American.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN WHO TOIL.

The Industrial Misery of Women and Their Need of Leaders of Their Own Sex.

In a recent lecture, delivered at the eleventh anniversary of the New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice, Emily Blackwell, M. D., referring to the need of co-operation among women, said:

No man can fully appreciate the industrial misery of women upon whom devolves the necessity of earning a support for themselves or others. As work in all its forms is still considered derogatory to women, the necessity they are under to work removes them at once, more or less completely, from the only class to which full social respect, esteem and protection are accorded. At the same time they are regarded as interlopers in the world of industry. It is somewhat discreditable for them to be there; they are unwelcome intruders in a sphere properly belonging to men. Hard work, miserable pay, a monotonous life, and more or less social stigma, is the general lot. They themselves have imbibed the popular ideas of what is desirable for women, and regard it as the great object of life to be supported by some one else, to escape from the necessity of work, and they do not fully respect either themselves or their fellow workers.

They have no leaders among themselves. In work they are under the direction of, and dependent on, the pleasure of men who do not respect them as they do masculine workers, or regard them as entitled to the consideration due to non-working women. They are outside the pale both socially and industrially, and are fair prey in both capacities. They are separated by an impassable gulf from the richer women, who should naturally be their leaders; they have no habit or power of combination among themselves. Each one, ignorant and inexperienced, struggles along unaided, and has no expectation of aid or support, unless it come to her from some man. Every working girl soon learns that she has a higher immediate value as an article of merchandise than as a worker, and that the men who are insolent taskmasters to her in that capacity have fair words and money for her in another direction.

For there is one profession for women which is never full; one occupation which has its agents, with bribes and temptations, always at hand. Nor does virtue bring the same reward to the poor that it does to the rich. It does not save them from contumely, from the sense of being socially at a disadvantage. There may be discredit in want of purity, but there is no special merit in it. To win the approbation and admiration of men is the more or less avowed object of the education of girls. The immense importance attached to dress and personal appearance, to manner and etiquette, teach them that social attraction is the great object, and all that is inculcated in the way of womanly character tends to unfit them for self-protection. Obedience, self-repression, tact, self-devotion, are drilled into them early and endlessly. Moral courage, self-respect, independence, are indirectly discouraged.

There is a work to be done among women parallel to that done by the White Cross Society among men. As to these we preach the duties of purity, self-restraint and consideration for others, so we need to arouse women to the value of courage, self-respect and a sense of responsibility to their common womanhood. They must recognize that work is as honorable to women as to men; that it is a social crime to allow any girl to reach maturity unfitted for self-support, or unprovided with the training which would make it possible for her to stand upon her own feet when it is necessary. They should feel that the interests of women are one and inseparable from the very highest to the very lowest.

Combination and united action are, if possible, more essential to women than to men. The strength of women is purely that of moral force. So long as brute strength is the controlling force in society, women have no place nor chance in it. They are simply sacrificed to the physical needs of the race. But civilization means the predominance of moral over physical force, and the more complete this ascendancy, the better opportunity is there for the development of women to their full perfection. But, to reach this end, they must develop and exert their own moral force. This must be done, not only by individual but by collective action. The highest must realize that she is outraged by the degradation of the lowest, and that her own status is rendered insecure by the industrial misery and isolation of the workers below her. Every woman must learn that her position depends upon the general idea which society entertains of the nature, the powers, the qualities of womanhood, and that every class and rank of women contributes its quota toward forming this general estimate which decides the standing of each individual. Every woman should feel that it is incumbent on her to do her part toward raising this estimate, not only by her personal work and conduct, but by the strength which comes through union, and should lend her aid to organized efforts for self-help and self-protection.

Benefits of Suffrage.

George William Curtis says: "I have no superstition about the ballot. I do not suppose it would immediately right all the wrongs of wom-

en, any more than it has righted all those of men. But what political agency has righted so many? Here are thousands of miserable men all around us; but they have every path opened to them. They have their advocates; they have their votes; they make the laws; and, at last and at worst, they have their strong right hands for defense. And here are thousands of miserable women pricking back death and dishonor with a little needle; and now the sly hand of science is stealing that little needle away. The ballot does not make these men happy nor respectable nor rich nor noble; but they guard it for themselves with sleepless jealousy, because they know it is the golden gate to every opportunity. And precisely the kind of advantage it gives to one sex it would give to the other. It would arm it with the most powerful weapon known to political society, it would maintain the natural balance of the sexes in human affairs, and secure to each fair play within its sphere."

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. RICHARD BOND, of Boston, has left twenty-three thousand dollars to Dartmouth College.

KATE SANBORN, the well-known writer and newspaper correspondent, is a niece of Daniel Webster.

WOMEN are the State librarians of Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi and Tennessee.

THE Marquis of Northampton has placed his Clerkenwell property under the supervision of lady visitors, to be appointed by Miss Octavia Hill.

DR. MARY E. BATES, regarded as one of the best surgeons in Chicago, was the first woman to graduate from a medical college in that city. She has a large practice.

MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL, since her "Prisoners of Poverty" called attention to the sufferings of poor sewing women, has received hundreds of applications from people who want seamstresses.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has published an appeal to the woman of England to help in providing a central home and adequate organization for the Women's Protection and Provident League.

THE town councils of twenty Scotch towns have this year petitioned Parliament to grant suffrage to women. Among them are Edinburgh, Dumfries, Dumfries, Dunbar, Linlithgow and Stirling.

MISS WINIFRED EDGERSON, who received the degree of Ph. D. from Columbia College last year, is the teacher of mathematics in the New York school of which Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has become the associate principal.

LADY HARBERTON lately gave a lecture on dress reform, to ladies only, in the Crystal Palace. The room was crowded, and a lady who attended as an agent of Worth, the great Paris dressmaker, expressed herself much pleased with the costume invented by Lady Harberton.

MISS LELIA J. ROBINSON, of the Suffolk County (Mass.) bar, thinks the West offers better opportunities than the East to a woman lawyer, and that the further West one goes, the more favorable the condition becomes. Oregon and Washington Territory she thinks the best field of all.

MRS. MARTHA J. LAMB, editor of the Magazine of American History, is a member of thirteen learned societies, a life-member of the American Historical Society and a Fellow of the Clarendon Historical Society of Edinburgh. She is said to be a very modest and unassuming little woman.

MRS. ERNEST HART has done much to help the suffering Donegal peasantry by a system of cottage industries. Glove-knitting, crocheting and embroidery give many poor Irish women a chance to earn a few shillings to help the family fund. Mrs. Hart is also trying to revive the lace-making industry in Ireland.

THE EMPRESS OF CHINA issued a decree, just before her retirement, advocating the development of the mining resources of the empire. She administered a severe rebuke to the provincial authorities who have thrown difficulties in the way of working the mines, and warned them that such conduct would not be tolerated.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG says that as an American girl need not study abroad to become a professional singer, but can learn in this country, if she will work hard, give up most of the pleasures young people prize, study dramatic action as well as singing, and give her whole time to preparation. Her general health must be watched over as carefully as her voice. She must eat nourishing food, take plenty of exercise, and get nine hours' sleep.

Women at the Polls.

Anent the recent elections in Kansas, the Topeka Capital says: It had been predicted that the vote of the degraded and ignorant class of women would over-balance the vote of the respectable ladies; but the election in Topeka proved this not to be true. A large majority of the votes cast were by the most refined and cultured ladies of the city, and all appeared to vote intelligently and without hesitation. Wives went to the polls with their husbands, mothers with their sons, and in many instances young gentlemen were accompanied to the polls by their sweethearts. Every thing was peaceable and quiet, and the absence of the disorder that is so frequent at elections was the subject of much comment. The ladies went to the polls with as much freedom as if they were going shopping.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Secret societies at Pinecon College have been abolished, and fewer jobs are put up on the professors.

—Prof. Palmer, of Harvard, finds that one-third of the students there spend under \$700 a year, one-half under \$1,000 and three-fourths under \$1,200.

—The latest statistics give the Evangelical Lutheran church in the United States an aggregate of 950,000 communicants, making it numerically the third in rank among the Protestants of this country.

—India has thirty-six missionary societies of Christian denominations. There are 791 missionaries and 530 ordained native ministers; converts, 449,739; a gain since 1881 of 133 missionaries and 32,383 native Christians.—N. Y. Witness.

—"What is the leading branch in your school?" asked a lady of a teacher. Before the teacher could vouchsafe a reply, a little boy interrupted the conversation with: "I know." "And what is it, little boy?" asked the lady. "That switch in the corner, ma'am."—N. Y. Ledger.

—It is quite noticeable that a large number of teachers all over the country have ceased to seek quietness in the movements of the children, emphasizing, rather, prompt, quick movements. As a matter of fact there is little more noise and no more disturbance than under the old-time tip-toe method.—Boston Journal of Education.

—G. W. McCormic, a wealthy citizen of Thomasville, Ga., who is not a member of any church, surprised the several white pastors of the different churches in that city recently by presenting each of them with a house and lot. In executing the deed he mentioned no other consideration than that the preachers' lives had been spent in "going about doing good."—Savannah News.

—Captain G. W. Lane has forty Sunday-schools of his planting among the families of fishermen along the coast of Maine. For many of them his visits are the only reminders of the interest of Christians in their welfare. Last year he was obliged to make his journeys in a little boat eighteen feet long, where he cooked, ate and slept. This year his friends in the Sunday-school propose to raise the money to buy him a new and more suitable boat.—Chicago Advance.

—The Church Army of the Church of England, which is at work among the poor by methods modeled, to some extent, after those of the Salvation Army, has brought forward for confirmation over three thousand adults, mostly gathered at the street corners and from public houses; has one thousand more adults waiting confirmation, and has over six thousand adult communicants, who are humble speakers and laborers in the cause of Christ.—Indianapolis Journal.

—A funny incident in connection with the work of women on the New York school board is told. A janitor of one of the schools came one day with a complaint to the principal. He said that he had been janitor of that building for nineteen years, and no one had ever asked to see the basement until one of the women of the school board came and said that she wanted to make an examination, "and that basement wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see," he added, plaintively.

UNCLE ESEK'S WISDOM.

Practical Philosophy Served in a Highly Palatable Way.

The world has had but few teachers; a score of men have furnished us all the wisdom and philosophy we possess.

The man who knows but little, and tells only what he knows, is a hard man to bother in a cross-examination. It takes the evidence of two or three witnesses to prove a man's virtues, but one is enough to fasten his vices upon him.

The reason why there is so little real friendship in the world is because most of the compacts are based upon policy rather than upon principle.

A weak man is harder to steer than a vicious one—he won't take the bit. Pity is treacherous; most of it is a secret satisfaction that I am not so badly off as you are.

A lazy man in a great hurry is very amusing; he is continually stepping on himself.

If we ever do reach the top round of the ladder, we shall find it a dreadfully cold and lonesome place.

Whoever reasons from the heart will make many blunders, but none that will not be forgiven.

The line between folly and wisdom is often an imaginary one, and men are often seen traveling along with one foot on each side of it.

A great deal of learning has been lost, but not one single precept of wisdom.—Century.

—To Methods.—First Young Wife—"Oh, dear! I wish I'd never been born." Second Young Wife—"What on earth is the matter now?" "I've just worked and skimped and turned dresses and fixed my old bonnets over and done every thing so as to have money to make home pleasant for my husband, and he just goes off and spends nearly every night at the club." "Humph! My husband had to leave the club, and he stays at home because he is ashamed to smoke a pipe among his old associates, and can't afford cigars now." "Why, he has a bigger salary than my husband." "Yes, but it costs money to keep me decently dressed, and he knows it. Catch me fixing up old bonnets."—Omaha World.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Correct plant shapes by pruning. —The carbon of plants comes from the air.

—Plants do better when not watered; often, but copiously.

—Many good farmers use little manure at a time, but apply it often.

—A good garden may not appear to bring in much money on the farm, but it saves a great deal.

—To clean nickle on stoves use soda wet in ammonia. Apply with an old toothbrush and rub with a woolen cloth.

—Stains from tea or coffee will come out at once if they be taken immediately and held over a pail while boiling water is turned over them.

—High farming is like the keeping of superior animals. To get the best returns, not only the animals but the soil must be fed.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

—It is folly to require the hired man and the boys to "put the tools in their places," unless you have provided a place, and a suitable and convenient one at that.

—Experience has shown me exactly what varieties of vegetables suit this soil and climate. I never try to grow fancy varieties just for the novelty of the thing.—American Garden.

—All the best butter comes from what are styled "fancy farms," which indicates that the so-called "fancy" farmers are those who adopt the most improved methods and use only the choicest stock.—Cleveland Leader.

—Ice Cream: Take six cream cheeses and the cream that comes with them, two cans condensed milk, four cups powdered sugar, fifteen eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, add one quart cold water, beat all together. Flavor with vanilla and add the whites last. Freeze.—Exchange.

—It is wonderful, to those who have not had experience in high gardening, what a profusion of plant growth can be obtained from a small patch of ground. A small garden, cultivated by the hand of experience, and with plenty of good manure and other fertilizers at hand, will yield two, three, or even four crops of some kinds of vegetables in a season. But the lazy man's garden doesn't yield that way. See Proverbs 24: 30-33.—N. Y. Examiner.

—A Connecticut man says bushes may be protected from the ravages of insects by a very cheap and simple device. A few torches placed in the vicinity of the trees, vines or shrubs, lighted at twilight and left to burn an hour or two, will destroy thousands of millers, moths and rosebugs that would otherwise light and do mischief. He says he has practiced it for years, and his trees and shrubbery have not suffered, while the pests have caused his neighbors annoyance and loss. It will cost very little to try it. A simple torch, fed by kerosene, so as to make a light and an open flame, is all that is required.—Indianapolis Journal.

FARM LIVE-STOCK.

Why Every Agriculturist Should Aim to Raise His Own Animals.

While specialists may make money by handling only one class of livestock, farmers generally will find it to their best interest to keep a diversity of stock. It is cheaper and altogether better to breed them than to depend upon buying. But the foundation stock must be of course be bought. This need not be, as we have stated before, the most select, and of course extremely high-priced animals, but they should be of good pedigree and purely bred. In the breeding of grades it is essentially important that the sire be not only pure, but also, if possible, that he have the power, eminently, of transmitting his quality.

One essential value of having a diversity of good stock on the farm—horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry—is that one class will consume what another leaves, or at least do so in a great measure. There is nothing that will in so large a degree tend to make the farm profitable. But do not at once rush into a diversity of stock unless you fully understand their several characteristics. First make a careful study of their natures and the best means of economical care. Then go ahead. Begin with one improved class of animals and grow up into others, and, it may be repeated, you can, as a rule, breed better animals at less cost than you can buy, once you have the start.

The most forehanded farmers of the country are those who stock their farms to the fullest capacity. They are not subjected to the fluctuations of the markets, as are those who depend more largely upon raising grain to sell. They are constantly giving back largely to the soil the constituents of fertility. In the opening of new farms the crude products must be sold, at least until the farm can be made ready for the proper cultivation of grass and hay. Then live stock must be bought. Often it takes years before the farmer can realize the cash. Meanwhile the more sagacious buy some and take others on shares, and put the profits therefrom in additional stock. In sections where the farms are well opened the owners delay too long the acquisition of stock.

It will long be the case, perhaps, that a majority of farmers neglect to stock their farms with a proper proportion of animals. It will be a very long time undoubtedly when farmers, as a rule, stock their farms with all the farm animals. It certainly will be so until they come to know that they can not most successfully farm until they keep themselves fully posted.—Farm, Field and Stockman.